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The Baltic songster

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[London]

[18--]

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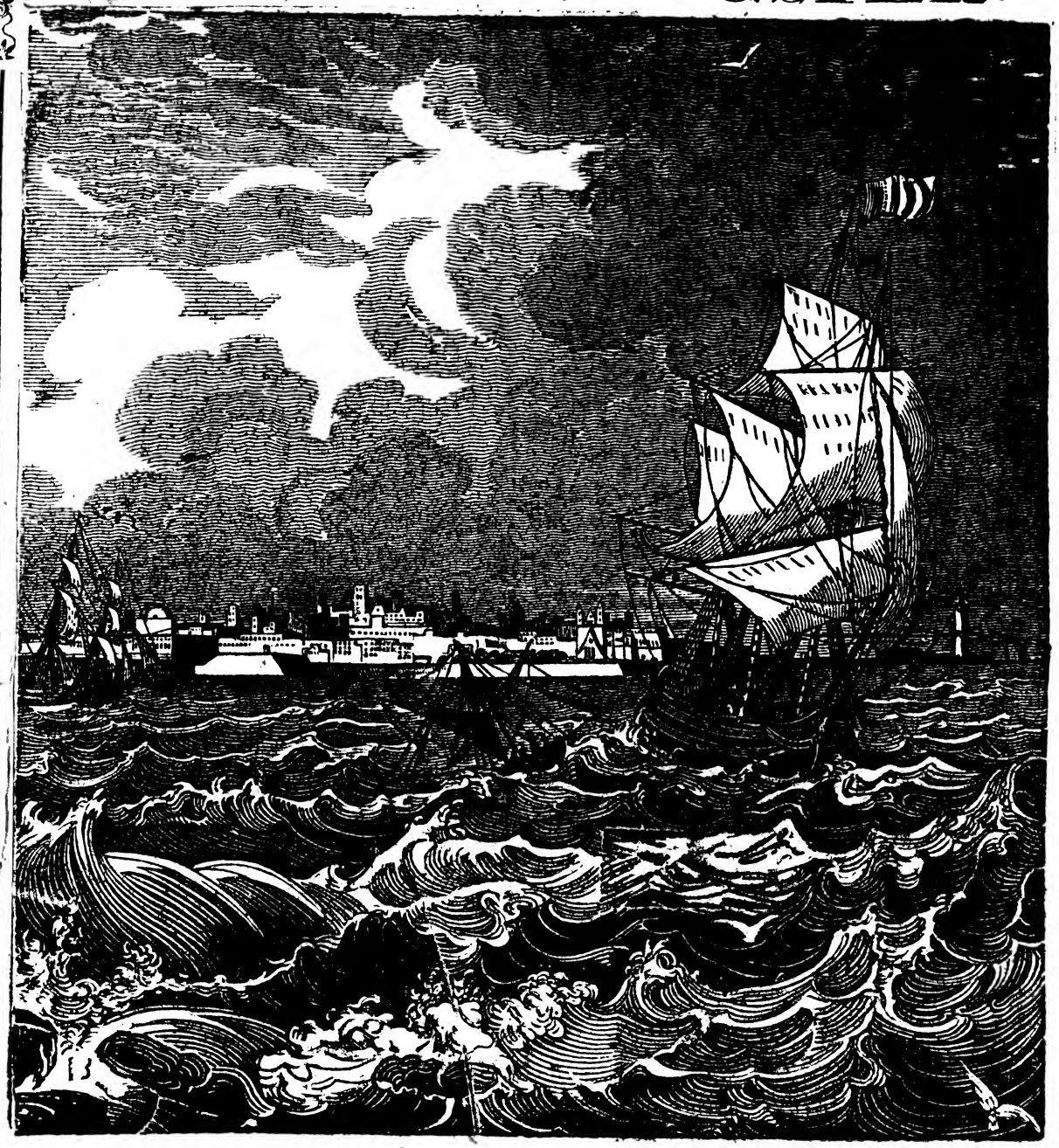
The BALTIC SONGSTER.



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RYLE & Co., Printers & Publishers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbuy.

white PN970.E5 B7LTX

The BALTIC SONGSTER.

HOIST HIGH THE FLAG AGAIN!

(A very favourite Song, now singing at all public places of amusement. Music by Purday, Holborn.)

HOIST high the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.
We'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields,
For justice and for right.

Our heroes man the deck;
To punish pride they fight,
And wild ambition check.
Unfurl the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er tho main; we'll watve it e'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.

Shall despots madly hold
Their barbarous hordes away,
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way.
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way.
Shall Europe bend the knee
Before the Northern Bear?

Must nations brave and free
His serf like livery wear?
Unfurl the flag again,
The flag that never yields;
We'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er the main; we'll waive it o'er the main,
O'er Europes warrior fields.

Now vain is all his might,
And impotent his pride.
For Britain leads the fight,
And Gallia's by her side.
And tney shall drive the foe
Back to his icy lair;
They'll chase him to his realms of snow,
And leave him howling there.

Unfurl the flag afar;
Brave France the glory share;
And home we'll chase the tyrant Czar,
Yes! home we'll chase the tyrant Czar,
And leave him howling there,

[illegible] faith in one another, where ye
[illegible] [illegible] never;
[illegible] faith in one another, where ye
[illegible] [illegible] sorrow;
[illegible] [illegible] always sunshine, or be al-
[illegible] [illegible] as how;
And when [illegible] time comes that ye,
[illegible] kindred heart ye shall
find here [illegible] one another, ye shall
never know dispair.
And when [illegible] time co-

Have faith in one another, for should
doubt alone incline,
It would make the world a desert, where
the sun would never shine;
We have all some mysterious sorrow, that
o'ershadows us to day,
But have faith in one another and it
one shall pass away.
Have faith in one another, and be
one be [illegible] guide,
And [illegible] [illegible] alone be [illegible]
may betide;
The false may reign a season, but will
doubt not yet it will,
But have faith in one another, [illegible]
truth shall flourish still.
The false may reign, &c.

The Boy's Dream.

(Music published by Lowell.)

[illegible] by a grave near my
home,
[illegible] to bright summers they
flourished to roam,
[illegible] saw every spot
[illegible]
And I knew I could never be happy
again,
[illegible] recall the light heart that
[illegible]
And the innocent day-dreams can charm
me no more;
[illegible], a chill that will steal on the
heart of the brave,
As he stands a lone man on the brink
of a grave.

I had stood in the battle, my heart ne'er
was cold,
And the thunders of war often made
me more bold;
But the grave of the young who had
died in his bed,
Chilled me more than the battle-stained
shroud of the dead.
'Twas the grave of a friend, who had
shared every joy
When my soul was all freshness—the
soul of a boy;
Oh, would I might be in this cold bed
at rest,
And confide all my sorrows and joys to
thy breast!

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] hopes I'll borrow—
Oh, if you keep up this glee,
I hope that you'll agree with me,
[illegible] here till to-morrow.

[illegible] money, but you see,
[illegible] me
For Claret, Champagne, Hock or
Moselle,
No head ache then, nor skylights leave,
Nor for a lack of liquor grieve,
[illegible] and be merry.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

[illegible] the grey
[illegible]
The [illegible] of the [illegible] on
the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright
dew is shaking——
Kathleen Mavourneen, what, dreamest
thou still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we
must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we
must part?
It may be for years, and it may be
for ever,
Oh, why art thou silent thou voice of
my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy
slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's
golden light;
Ah! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
in thy numbers!
Arise thy bosom's pride, thou star of my
night!
[illegible] Kathleen, my [illegible]
are [illegible]
To think [illegible] from thee, and thou
mavourneen!
It [illegible] [illegible] for years, it may be for ever!
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of
[illegible]?

Now the Late Hour of Time.

(Collins.)

[illegible] again, [illegible] than gain,
Mad-brained mortals still complain,
[illegible] feel the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
Lose the balmy sweets of life;
And when life has lost its prime,
Fools deplore the loss of time.

In yon corner of the room,
Mark the lab'ring spider's looms;
See the net her drudgery spreads,
Count its interwolving threads;
Where in ambush lurks the spy,
To immesh the vagrant fly:
And, from her, compute what grim
Can outway the loss of time.

Then behold the pismire's toil,
Tugging, drudging o'er the soil,
Grain by grain, the fruits of earth,
'Gainst the hungry winter's dearth,
Ev'ry load she lugs to shelf
How much larger than herself,
And teaching, more than prose or rhyme
How to shun the loss of time.

[illegible] back not shed [illegible]
Who hath not [illegible] well
With grief that could not be supposed
When came the parting word [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] left his native shore,
In far and stranger lands to roam,
But treasured in his memory still
The look that spoke the last farewell.
Who hath not shed, &c.

Joyful the captive drops his chains
But ere he quits his gloomy cell,
The [illegible] voice that cheer'd him there
Shall pain him with its sad farewell.
'Tis sorrow's note, wherever breathed,
And acts like some magician's spell;
It checks the smile that fain would play,
And withers in the deep farewell.
Yes 'tis a word we all must breathe,
Like a departed spirit's knell,
It strikes with anguish on the heart
And breaks it with the last Farewell.

The Last Adieu.

(Sung by Miss Birch, before the [illegible].)

FAREWELL! dearest, fare thee well!
And blessings wilt [illegible]
May sunshine be upon thy path,
And flowers around thee grow;
For thou wert kind when all the [illegible]
Were [illegible] and [illegible] fell;
Thy smile hath soothed this [illegible]
heart,
Yet, dearest, fare thee well!
Farewell dearest, &c.

Farewell, dearest, still I say,
Though yet I know not why,
[illegible] the magic of thy voice,
[illegible] the light of thy high.
Since [illegible] thy head is [illegible]
Once more I feel its spell;
Then give me but one manly smile,
And dearest, fare thee well.
Farewell dearest, &c.

Merrily, Merrily Fuddle thy Nose.

(A GLEE.)

MERRILY, merrily push round the glass,
And merrily troll the glee;
For he who won't drink till the wink is an ass,
So, neighbour, I'll drink to thee.

Merrily, merrily fuddle thy nose,
Until it right rosy shall be;
For a jolly red nose (I speak under the rose)
Is a sign of good company.

Love and Music.

A CATCH.

HOW great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
When soft Love and Music together unite!

The Warbling Waggoner.

WHEN I first went a-waggoning,
A-waggoning did go,
I fill'd my parents' hearts full
Of sorrow, grief, and woe;
And many are the hardships
That I have gone through;
But sing Wo! my lads, sing Wo!
Drive on, my lads, I O!
And who can lead the life
Of a jolly waggoner.

'Tis in cold and stormy nights
And I'm wet to the skin,
But I'll bear it with contentment,
Till I get into the inn,
Then I will get a-drinking,
With the landlord and his friends,
And sing wo, &c.

Now summer it is coming,
What pleasure we shall see!
The small birds are a-singing
In every green tree;
The blackbirds and the thrushes
Are whistling in the grove,
And singing wo, &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,
What pleasure we shall find;
It will make the gold to fly, my boys,
Like chaff before the wind;
And every lad shall take his lass,
And set her on his knee,
And sing wo, &c.

Bonny Kate.

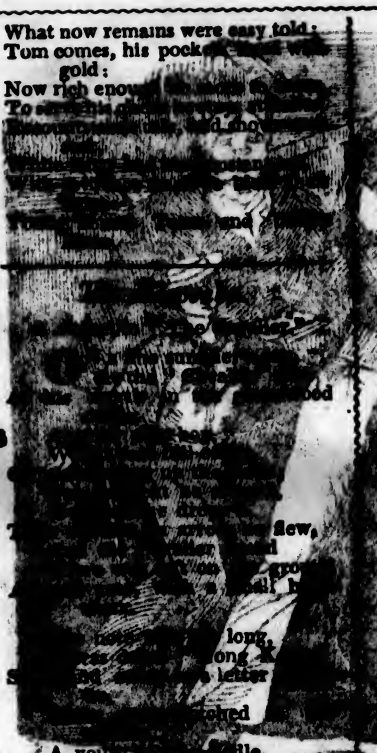
(Dibdin.)

THE wind was hush'd, the fiery wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Cheerful, taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil;
Once more he thanks indulgent Fate
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of sephyr flow
Tender and plaintive—her woe,
Serene was the at[illegible] eve
That heard To[illegible] Kitty grieve.
"Oh, what avails [illegible] she, "my pain!
He's swallow'd in the greedy main;
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom!"

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A rising near his heart which lay;
Now sent him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that Fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights com-
manded
A prospect of the stately strand,
While Kitty Fate and Fortune
blamed,
Sudden with rapture the exclaim'd—
"But stay! O Heaven! a ship in
view!
My Tom appears among the crew;
The pledge he swore to bring safe
home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!"



What now remains were easy told:
Tom comes, his pocket
gold;
Now rich enou
To
long,
letter
lored

A youn[illegible]
And under them
it about.
"[illegible] me I've no
Some contemptable rival that's plain,
If, I knew, who it was,
I would cudgel him—poz!
He should not be so pleasant again.

He read on—thus it ran:
"Much misguided young man,
To suppose that for night after night
Meet me a-swinging
Tink-a-tink to the stars
A lady thy love would requite.
Still 'tis hard to be told,
When you've sang in the cold,
That you're
So, his bill
And, along with it send,
Just a trifle to show my regard.

Joy, conceit, and surprise,
Flash'd at once from his eyes,
As he read it out loud as above,
"Tra la la," carolled he,
"I half thought so—it's she—
It's a hint to return to my love."
He twitched his cravat,
Gave a tap on his hat,
Then sunk on the grass in a swoon!

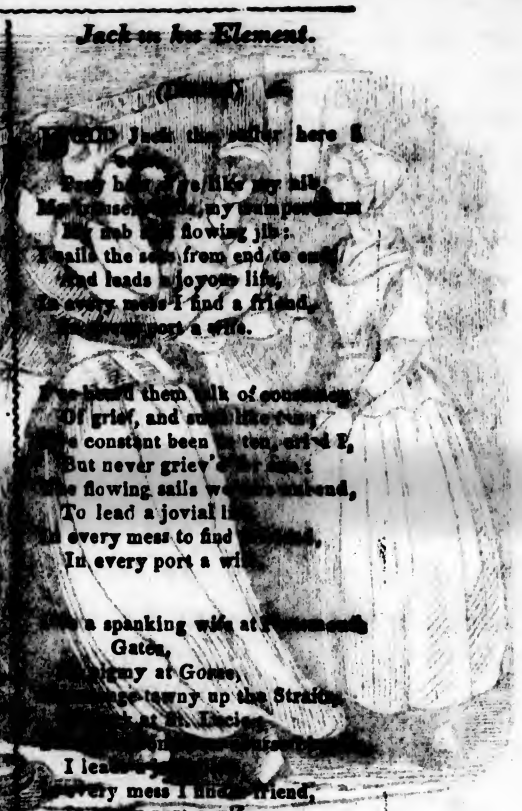
For
He beheld—his own face,
Looking mo
long in a

Now Safe Moor'd.

(Dibdin.)

NOW, safe moor'd, with bowl before us.
Messmates, heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea:
O'er the wide wave dwelling roaming,
Toss'd aloft, or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion;
When our time's come, we must go.

Jack in his Element.



[illegible] Jack the sailor here I
Ready [illegible] like my title,
My trousers [illegible], my tarpaulin
My mug [illegible] flowing jib:
I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of sorrow,
Of grief, and such like fare,
I've constant been [illegible] ten, cried I,
But never grieve [illegible]
The flowing sails we [illegible] bend,
To lead a jovial life
In every mess to find [illegible],
In every port a wife.

[illegible] a spanking wife at [illegible]
Gates,
[illegible] my at Goree,
[illegible] lawny up the Straits,
[illegible]
I lea[illegible]
Every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback;
I came to bring the news;
Poll whimper'd sore, but what did
Jack?
Why, stood in William's shoes;
She cut, I chased, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And so she got an honest friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we sailors all the go,
On fortune's sea we rub,
We works and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub.
Storms that the masts to splinters rend,
Can't shake our joyful life,
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

There once was a Gallant Knight.

THERE once was a gallant knight—
Ho, merrily, ho!
He sang to a lady bright—
Oh, lady love, oh!
Fal lal la.

I bring you golden chain,
'Tis a sign you know,
Your slave I will ever remain,
Oh, lady love, oh!
Fal lal la.

Then softly the maid did sing—
Nothing of chains I know,
I rather would have a ring,
Because it won't let you go.
Fal lal la.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Ploughman Sailor.

(Dibdin.)

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the sky,
Ever fluttered his wings so give speed to the plough,
Was so gay and so careless as I.
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,
And he asked me to go out to sea for a trip;
And he talked of such things
As if sailors were kings,
And so teasing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:
No longer the horn
Called me up in the morn;
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like to be aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bustle and trip,
But I did not like rocking about.
By-and-by comes a hurricane; I did not like that:
Next a ba— that many a sailor laid flat:
Ah, cried I, who was a ream
That like me had a home?
Where I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.

Where sweetly the horn
Called me up in the morn;
Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last I safe landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found, by a friend, whom I axed for my kin,
Father dead and my wife run away,
Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame?
Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good name.
Ah! way did I ream
When so happy at home?
I could sow, I could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
When so sweetly the horn
Called me up in the morn:
Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife safe at home.
Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
Bussed my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin.
Now, cried I, let them roam
Who want a good home;
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep.
Once more shall the horn
Call me up in the morn;
Nor shall any d—d carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Britannia! the gem of the ocean.

OR, RED, WHITE, & BLUE.

O Britannia, the gem of the ocean
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation
And threaten'd the land to deform
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm:
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she rose up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The army and navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The shells of the Ocean.

ONE summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wander'd on the sea-beat shore
Where oft in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.
The plashing waves like music fell
Responsive to my fancy wild,
A dream came o'er me like a spell
I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand
To cull the toys that round me lay
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
Oh! thus I said in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguil'd,
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child.

WILL WATCH

'TWAS one morn when the winds from the northward blew keenly,
And sullenly rear'd the big waves of the main:
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue then serenely,
Took helm and to sea, boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore,
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His gay boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing and cried,
This night if I've luck furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.

Will lay too till night came on dark-some and dreary,
He crowd every sail, then he pip'd up all hands,
But a signal soon spied 'twas a prospect unchearly,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun,
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys we'll run.
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
O ho! cries Will Watch the Philistines bear down,
Bear a hand my tight lads e'er ye think about sheering,
One broadside pour in should we swim boys or drown.

But should I be pop'd off you my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words, see them kindly obeyed,
Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid;
Poor Will's yarn was spun out for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more,
His bold crew fought the brig, while a shot remain'd in it,
Then sheer'd and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the prayers of his Susan, the tears of his friends,
Near his grave dash the billows the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow,
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

The Good Ship the Kitty.

(Dibdin.)

I sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor.—Yo, Yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, "Now be constant to me!"
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor—Yo, Yea!

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,
She's my best bower anchor—Yo, Yea!

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor—Yo, Yea!

And yet, my boys, would you believe me?
I return'd with no rhino from sea,
Mistress Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor.—Yo, Yea!

Ben Bolt's Reply.

AH! yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished & dear,
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear
And there when the heart is o'erburden'd with woes,
I wander, and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose,
'Where sweet Alice lies under the stone.'

And long, &c.

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely & chill
For the hand that so fondly I then pressed in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
'Till I meet with sweet Alice above

Are cold, &c.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true,"
The wild blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew
But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone,
The bosom will heave and the tear drops will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

The Yearly Meeting of the Children in St. Paul's.

The writer of the following lines has endeavoured to embody in verse the thoughts which suggested themselves to his own mind, and probably to the minds of others on the last Annual Meeting of the Charity Schools in St. Paul's Cathedral.

BENEATH the spacious Dome I stood,
Ten thousand tongues were telling
God's praises; and methought 'twas good
To be thus within His dwelling.

And high above us, and around,
In their appointed stations,
Thick ranks of little children crown'd
That goodly congregation.

'Twas *Christian England's Charity*,
With her throng of sons and daughters,
Whose mingled voices came to me
Like the sound of many waters.

And while they hymn'd the glorious truth,
That which alike enraptures
The tenants of age and youth,
"The Lord, the Saviour sojourneth."

It seem'd as though each infant tongue
While there its first endeavour
To sing th' undying song, that's sung
Before the throne for ever!

My Bark is bounding near.

OH, listen, dearest lady,
It is thine own one calls,
Pale stars are o'er thee shining,
Dim twilight round thee falls.
Come, come, this heart awaits thee,
My lady love appear,
Come fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near. Come fly &c.

Oh, hasten, dearest lady,
Amber your hours we count,
Each silvery wave shall ripple
Sweet notes of lingering love,
And vows of truth shall soothe to thee
I'll kiss away each tear.
Then fly with me across the lake,
My bark is bounding near. Come fly, &c.

A Mother's Words.

COME hither, darling, to my side,
The mother gently said;
My dearest hope, my joy, my pride,
My soul is nearly tied
And thou, sweet boy, thou youthful, yet
Must tread thy path alone;
Oh, may'st thou all those woes forget
So sadly now thine own!
Oh! mother, mother, stay with me,
I shall were lost with thee!"

"My child, my child, nay, do not weep,
For He who reigns above—
In mercy He will watch and keep
Thy young heart full of love:
Through every season of the year,
In every passing day—
He will guard thy footsteps here
And teach thee how to pray.
Farewell, mother, mother, stay with me,
I shall were lost with thee!"

The Dream of the Reveller.

[Sung by Mr. H. Russell.]

AROUND the board the guests were met,
The lights above them gleaming,
And in their cups they blemished oft,
The ruddy wine-cups streaming.
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright,
Their hearts with pleasure beating,
The song was sung, the toast was given,
And loud the revel sounded;
I drained my beaker with the rest,
And cried "Away with sorrow!
Let me be happy for to-day,
I care not for to-morrow!"
But as I spoke, my sight grew dim,
And slumber deep came o'er me,
And 'mid the whirl of mingled tongues
This vision passed before me:—

Methought I saw a demon rise:
He had a mighty bicker,
Whose polished sides ran daily o'er
With floods of burning liquor;
Around him press'd a clam'rous crowd,
Each mad for this liquor greedy;
But quickly came the end and end,
The suffering and the needy;
All the oppressed [illegible]
Sober and [illegible]
Bear-eyed old [illegible] and feeble
[illegible]
And palsied women, crazy:
"Give, give," they cry, "give, give us drink,
To drown all thoughts of sorrow:
We are happy for to-day
We care not for to-morrow."
Then they give, &c.

The first drop, empurples their shivering skins,
And drives away misery's maladies;
The second lights their sunken eyes,
And fills their souls with gladness;
The third drop makes them shout and roar,
And play each fantastic antic;
The fourth drop boils their very blood,
And the fifth drop drives them frantic.
"Drink," says the demon, "drink your fill,
Drink, and your sorrows mellow;
They'll make your bright eyes blear and dull,
And turn your hearts to yellow;
They'll clothe you in rags with care and tatters;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts;

But never mind: what matters?
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
But never mind! what matters?
The virtue sink and reason fail,
The social ties disperse,
All friendship in times of need,
And find no comfort for ever;
For I have built a mansion high,
Three strong and goodly houses

A workhouse for the jolly soul,
Who all his life carouses;
An hospital to lodge the sot,
Oppress by pain and anguish;
A prison, full of dungeons deep,
Where hopeless felons languish:
So drink, drink, drink, and drain again,
And drown all thoughts of sorrow
[illegible]
And [illegible] to-day,
And [illegible] sorrow."
[illegible] drain the cup, &c.

But well he knows, this demon old,
His power and pain is all his preaching;
The ragged crew that round him flock
Are heedless of his teaching;
Even as they hear his fearful words,
They cry with shouts of laughter,
Out on the fool who mars to-day
With thoughts of an hereafter:
We care not for thy houses three;
We live but for the present,
And merry will we be to-day,
And quaff our bumpers pleasant."
Then laughs the fiend to hear them speak,
And lifts his brimming bicker:
"Body and soul are mine," quoth he,
"I'll have them both for liquor,
Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
I'll have them both for liquor."

Prime the Cup, fill it high.

([illegible] the opera of "The [illegible].")

Music published by Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

PRIME the cup, fill it high;
Here's—The gloss of her hair!
Thought breathes on her sigh;
Blushes mantle her cheek;
May our hearts bedew them!
By her lip, ruby red,
Till these throbs cease to move,
And each hope meet the dead,
For oh! but on the world shine;
Here's—The mind I adore
In my heart's deepest core
Dwelleth but only she.
Here's—The [illegible] eye
She's the love I'm my own,
This night will [illegible]
'Tis her form keeps [illegible]
Here's to her lovely eyes kissed
And to those that are thine;
Envy not I thy prize,
So I win only mine.
By her [illegible]
[illegible]
Till this heart ceases [illegible]
[illegible]
Here's—The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

He starts, and trembles at the view,
Which now is changed, and now
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that pike,
But then such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be!—dammee it is,
'Tis Poll's bawling water-cresses."

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops with curses,
"They took," cried she, "my very bed;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
To get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, Who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll, 's a noble treasure.
In this gay tog shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill fortune from this moment ceases;"
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and wate cresses.

Little Ben.

(Dibdin.)

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glist'ring main,
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea;
When thus, for sailors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Of strong sense, a bounteous share,
Observation well supplied.

[illegible] home,
[illegible] in bold and honest
[illegible]e,
[illegible]dom moved his tongue,
[illegible] from reason, comfort's
[illegible]drop,
[illegible]d fair reflection wise,
[illegible]
Little [illegible] his watch in
the main top.

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers
[illegible]
[illegible] main,
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Tho' rearing seas run mountains high,
All things are built with equal care,
First-rate or wherry, man or fly.
If there's a Power that never errs,
And certainly there is,
For honest hearts what comforts drop,
As well as kings and emperors!
Why not take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.
Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
Ne'er fear: that Power that never errs,
That guards all things below;
For honest hearts what comforts drop
As well as kings and emperors!
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top.

The Sailor's Journal.

(Dibdin.)

'TWAS post meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted;
At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had rang,
While careless sailors, once changed
On the still watch sociable sang,
With tempers labour cannot
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While [illegible] thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look'd on the moon and thought of Nancy!

And now arrived the jocial night,
When every true-bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
For me—it may be only fancy;
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the fore runners was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And [illegible], while some loved friend or wife,
Like light'ning rushed on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy!

At last—'twas in the month of May
The crew, it being lovely weather
At three A. M. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing breast press'd Nancy!

Blow High, Blow Low.

(Dibdin.)

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that send along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

At Sea.

(Dibdin.)

IF tars of their money are lavish,
I say, brother, take this from me,
'Tis because we're not muckworms nor slavish,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to sea;
What's cunning and such quivication,
And them sly manœuvres to we?
To be roguish is no valuation
To hearties who plough the salt sea.

As for cheating, light weights, and short measures,
And corruption, and brib'ry, d'ye see
They never embitter the pleasures
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea.
You've ashore actions, writs, and cesserarries,
And regiments of counsel to fee;
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis said that with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly sailors are free,
Our money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea.
But let them say this, that, or t'other,
In one thing they're forced to agree,
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

Spanking Jack.

(Dibdin.)

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing;
Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gave greatness, was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in the main-sail,
And the scud came on lowering upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft to hand the top-gall'nt sail,
A spray washed him off, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whistling Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig, with an air, his allowance of grog.
Long side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
In and out Whistling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off and
ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Benny Ben was to each jolly messma
a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-n
tured and free,
If ever one tar was more true th
another,
To his friend and his duty, that sail
was he:
One day, with the david, to heave t
cadge-anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold crag
shore;
He overboard tipt, when a shark (such
spanker!)
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'
saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads? shall we b
down-hearted,
Because that mayhap we now tak
our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other b
parted,
And death, in fast moorings, wil
bring us all up.
But 'tis always the way on't; one scarc
finds a brother,
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and
true to the core,
But by battle or storm, or some d—'d
thing or other,
He's popped off the hooks, and we
ne'er see him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Every bullet has its billet.

THE soldier knows that every ball
A certain billet bears,
And whether doomed to rise or fall,
Dishonour's all he fears,
To serve his country is his plan,
Unawed or undismayed;
He fights her battles like a man,
And by her thanks he's paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,
By duty only driven;
And if he fall, his country knows
For whom the blow was given,
Recorded on the front of day,
The warriors deeds appear—
For him the poet breathes his lay
The virgin sheds her tear.

Sweet Thoughts

O sweet, sweet thoughts, that come and go
Over my spirit like the summer wind
That comes and goes in the lily's bloom,
Or sighs through the rose-trees in the garden,
Or ripples the water of the fountain,
Or shakes the leaves of the lofty palm,
And then is still!

Oh, whence do you come, and whither go?
Are you the memories of the past?
Or are you the dreams of the future?
Or are you the thoughts of the present?
Oh, whence do you come, and whither go?

Oh, I see, I see! I will tell you.
You are the memories of the past,
And you come to me in the night-time,
When I am weary with the day's toil,
And my head is resting on my pillow,
And my eyes are closed in sleep.
Oh, I see, I see! you are my mother's kisses,
And you are my father's prayers,
And you are my sister's smiles,
And you are my brother's merry laugh,
And you are the voices of my playmates,
And you are the echoes of my childish songs,
And you are the memories of my youth.

Oh, I see, I see!

Water Lilies and Tea

I'll tell you something, I understand,
Little Miss Muffet, you're not well,
Sorrow has come to you, dear,
Even your pleasures can't help dispel.
Don't you remember the garden we made,
Down in the corner, just you and I,
Under the apple-trees, where the shade
Kept the sun off from the pansy's eye?
Don't you remember the lilies fair,
Sailing like snowflakes on the pond,
Where the minnows dart here and there,
Just beyond the shade of the wand
Of the willow that leans to look in the stream,
Dreaming of rivers and meadows wide,
Where the water-lilies float and gleam
In the sunshine and rock on the tide?
Don't you remember the mossy seat
Down by the edge of the babbling brook,
Where we sat at our tea, complete
With cake and berries and bread and cream?
Don't you remember the dainty set
Of china we had for our little feast,
Part of mother's wedding-gift,
Part of mother's best?
Don't you remember the pink-edged cups,
Each one decorated with apple-bloom,
Part of the set with the pitcher, whose lips
Were nicked a little, across the room?
Don't you remember the silver spoons,
Marked with mother's initials, too,
Part of the set with the pitcher, whose curves
Were full of cream for me and you?
Don't you remember, Little Miss Muffet,
How we quarreled and fought and then
Kissed and made up again?
Don't you remember the time we played
Under the trees in the orchard, too,
Where the apples hung ripe and red,
Just above me and just above you?
Don't you remember the time we played
Down by the water-lilies' pond,
Where the minnows dart here and there,
Just beyond the shade of the wand
Of the willow that leans to look in the stream,
Dreaming of rivers and meadows wide,
Where the water-lilies float and gleam
In the sunshine and rock on the tide?

The Old Maid

A NEW wrapper, fresh and clean,
Hangs behind the parlor door;
Its folds have been seen by none
But the folds it wore before.

A cap with a heavy border of lace
Is spread on the bed with care,
And ribbons to match the modest dress
The maiden will wear.

Her collars and cuffs are pinned with pearl,
Her dainty shoes are tied
With ribbon rose-pink, and pearls in her ears
Are her only ornaments.

A cameo pin is at her throat,
And gloves that are neat and new
Are pulled on the hands that are soon to be
Encased in a pair of blue.

Her silken skirt is light and long,
Her bonnet is large and gay,
For the day is fair and the sun will shine
On the bridal party.

Her groom will call with a coach and four
Before the hour of noon,
And then will be married the fair young bride
And the youthful bridegroom.

Then, happy, though I marry the man
I love, I must say to-day
That I envy no one of the throng
Which will follow the bridal party
Save the one who, when I marry,
Will be my husband.

Mistress of Every Virtue

O! I am waiting, waiting, waiting,
For you to call me to the end.
Tell me, darling, is my day done?
Tell me, is my night begun?
Is your love for me dead?
Is your heart cold?
Is your money in your pocket, or is it
In your purse?
Is your money in your friend, or is it
In your enemy?
If you're sick and like to die,
Will you send for the doctor, dear,
Or will you send for the nurse?
Then answer me, answer me,
If you should have a call at last,
Or would you much prefer
You should pay the nurse for her
Time?
Then, honey or sugar, tell me,
Then let me have the money or credit,
Then let me have it all down,
Then, honey or sugar, tell me,
Then answer me.

The Lover's Letter

(Answered.)

I DON'T believe that you mean
To be cruel to me,
And you know I love you dearly,
And all to no purpose.
My senses leave me, and prayers are
Of no further use,
But that I adore you,
That, dear, though I scorn the
Thought,
There's no denying,
That you are my destruction,
That you are my life,
That you are my death,
That you are my all,
That you are my world,
That you are my heaven,
That you are my hell,
That you are my joy,
That you are my sorrow,
That you are my pain,
That you are my misery,
That you are my woe,
That you are my grief,
That you are my despair,
That you are my anguish,
That you are my torment,
That you are my torture,
That you are my agony,
That you are my distress,
That you are my trouble,
That you are my affliction,
That you are my misfortune,
That you are my ill luck,
That you are my bad luck,
That you are my curse,
That you are my plague,
That you are my bane,
That you are my ruin,
That you are my undoing,
That you are my destruction

Minna's Tomb.

O MINNA, Minna, then for ever
Thou art immured within this tomb:
O cruel, cruel Death! to rob me
Of one so young, and in her bloom.

Oh, Minna, Minna, may each angel
Regard and watch thee in thy sleep:
I never, never can forget thee,—
'Tis fond remembrance makes me weep

Oh, Minna, Minna. I will gather
The sweetest flowers and place them here,
And never, never shall they wither,
For I will moist them with a tear.

Oh, Minna, Minna, may high Heaven
Protect us both from endless pain;
Then, dearest Minna, I shall meet thee,
Oh, never more to part again.

Never Kiss and Tell.

IN Christian land, I understand,
(And like their humour well,)
Each wedded pair, or single fair,
Each youthful beau or belle.
In sportive bliss, will toy and kiss,
But never kiss and tell,
No, no, no, no,
They never kiss and tell.

In Turkish land, I wish 'twere planned
That love unfettered dwell,
But at our nod the rosy god
The mist of love dispel;
We'd sport and kiss in harmless bliss,
But never kiss and tell,
No, no, no, no,
We'd never kiss and tell.

The Arab Maid.

I AM a wandering Arab maid,
Torn from my home by ruthless foes,
Ere womanhood her seal had laid
Upon sweet childhood's blooming rose.
Mine was the task ere day begun,
To tend the camels o'er the fields;
Mine was the task ere set of sun,
To deck them with those tinkling bells.
Ding, ding, dong, those tinkling bells,
Ding, ding, dong, those tinkling bells.

I am a wandering Arab maid,
Far from my home in slavery thrall'd;
Oft has my memory fondly stray'd
Back to my father's 'tended halls.
Oft have I sat, ere day begun,
And mem'ry tales of pleasure tells,
Oft wish'd my former task was done,
Or dreamt I danced to camel bells.
Ding, ding, dong, &c.

I'll love thee ever dearly.

(Arnold.)

LET others breathe the melting sigh,
And swear they love to madness,
To them I leave the tearful eye,
And all love's sober sadness.
No tender vows and prayers are mine,
But this I swear sincerely,
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then, lady, though I scorn the wiles,
That love too oft discovers,
Ne'er spurn the heart that woos with smiles,
For smiles were made for lovers.
And though no tender vows are mine,
Yet this I swear sincerely,
While truth and honest love are thine,
I'll love thee ever dearly.

Money is your Friend.

OF friendship I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if distress'd, at any rate,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money is your friend, is it not?
Yes, money is your friend, is it not?

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the doctor send,
To him you must advance a fee,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money is, &c.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you much depend,
You must pay the lawyer for his brief,
Then money is your friend.

Then let me have but stores of gold,
From ills it will defend;
In every exigence of life,
Dear money is your friend.
Yes, money is, &c.

The rose whose fair leaf never dies.

(Dimond.)

THE crescent unfurls its pale pride at our gate,
And the Infidel's challenge is thrown,
Let age and the dastard in apathy wait,
But the true knight by action be known.

Away to the field where the cimeters flare,
And the war-cry of Moslem defies,
A rose for the bonnet of youth blossoms there,
'Tis the rose whose fair leaf never dies.

That white rose of honour, that flower without stain,
For me and my name may it bloom,
Round Life's fairy day, sweet embraces to shine,
And be planted still fresh on my tomb.

The dew that embalms it through Time's toilsome round,
But Love's tear shed from Beauty's fond eyes,
And when man shall have moulder-ed, his record be found
In the rose whose fair leaf never dies.

The blue-eyed boy.

(E. H. Cumming.)

NEAR yonder cottage on the heath,
Where roars the angry surge beneath,
An orphan lived, his mother's joy,
Her pride, her hope, her blue-eyed boy.

One winter's eve the stripling roam'd
Where fierce and white-edged billows foamed,
The night approached but to destroy
His mother's hope, her blue-eyed boy.

In vain she sought her absent child,
Now shrieked his name in accents wild:
Beneath the cold wave lies her joy,
Her hope on earth,—her blue-eyed boy.

No more he'll feel her loved embrace,
No more she'll pat his angel face,
Or kiss his coral lips with joy—
No, no, he's gone, poor blue eyed boy.

When Phœbus wakes the rosy hours.

WHEN Phœbus wakes the rosy hours,
And gives the cheering day,
Around on all his influence pours,
The huntsmen hark away.
While cheerful sounds the merry horn,
O'er every hill and dale,
The hunter's horn awakes the morn,
And echoes through the vale.

While o'er the dewy lanes they fly,
Pursuing swift their prey,
Shrill echo sweetly does reply
As they cry hark away.
While cheerful sound, &c.

And thus from morning until night,
Well pleased they take their way,
Regaling them with great delight,
The pleasures of the day.
While cheerful sounds, &c.

Oh, twine in thy garland, Sweet Maid.

OH, twine in thy garland, sweet maid,
This blossom so lovely and wild
Which smiles in the sun and the shade,
'Tis heart's ease, contentment's sweet child.
For the wise and the simple it springs,
And blooms for the great and the poor;
'Tis found in the garden of kings,
And adorns the cottager's door.

One half of its leaves had their birth
In sunbeams so golden their hue,
The other seems fostered by earth,
They're so dark and so shadowy too.
Thus a light from the heavens is shed,
To temper each trial we meet,
Whilst contentment its magic spread,—
To render each blessing sweet.